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sovereignly in the air without touching the ground.

Imagine us then. The curtain goes up: mysterious oriental music is played & I come gliding across the stage dressed in white sandals, blue pantalets & filmy net skirt & brasses with sequins glinting, wig, headband with a snake dangling its head to the front

— that is all. After 32 bars of oriental rhythm & melody, the tempo changes to a very fast gallop & on to the stage Kon comes bounding, turning two complete turns in the air & making the floor tremble when he lands. Everyone roars. I keep a straight face. Kon is dressed in sandals, red silk panta-